DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XIX., No. 17 MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1 1884. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

MARGARET WILSON.

THE MARTYR MAIDEN OF GALLOWAY.

"The bonny lassie" as her neighbors called her, was brought up in a pretty farmhouse at the head of a green glen, embosomed amid the purple hills of Galloway, where Gilbert Wilson, her anxious father, would fain have shielded his wife and bairns—two gentle girls and a brave-hearted boy—from the persecutions that were beginning to scatter the families of the faithful and make their hearthstones desolate. There was a lovely prospect from the little homestead: the glen stretched itself away, in field and meadow bare and hollow, while the glittering burn gleamed forth here and there in the bright sunshine. Behind the farmhouse and around the glen stood the purple hills, looking as if they would fain shut out all evil from the dwellers in the valley, to whose hearts they brought home the strengthening word, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people ....for ever." Yea, truly, and in love! not only does He stand as a wall between them and their foes, but also when He sits "as a refiner and purifier of silver," when, as in those days of persecution, evil men were saying, "Thou, God, carest not for it."

But the teachings of nature and grace were alike unheeded by the fanatical and brutalized soldiery, who, as the historian tells us, sought out the wretched fugitives in their rocky hiding-places. If a conventicle was held in a house, the preacher was liable to be put to death. If it was held in the open air, both minister and people incurred the same fate. The Presbyterians were hunted like criminals over the mountains. Their ears were torn from the roots. They were branded with hot irons, their fingers wrenched asunder by the thumbscrews, the bones of their legs shattered in the boot, and women were scourged publicly through the streets.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that many apostatized from the faith of their fathers, and among these was Gilbert Wilson. So it came about, that while the hearth was desolate in many neighboring dwellings, the blue smoke still wreathed about the chimneys of the farm-house at Glenvernoch, where Gilbert and his wife sat mournfully by their silent fireside. They had, in happier days, brought up their children to count all things but loss for Christ's sake; and now both Margaret and little Agnes, with their steadfast brother, allowed themselves to be driven out homeless, to take refuge among the rocks and caves from the furious soldiers, rather than renounce their cherished convictions.

Seven weary months of homelessness passed by, and the two girls were at length captured, sheltering for the night in the cottage of another Covenanter, an aged widow named Margaret McLauchlan. Oh the wailing that went up from the farmhouse at Glenvernoch when it was known to the Wilsons that their girls were taken prisoners! Both Margaret and Agnes stood firm at their hasty trial. Wilson succeeded in raising money to ransom his younger daughter, on the score of her extreme youth, for she was only thirteen; but the most exorbitant ransom would not avail to rescue Margaret, who had attained the age of sixteen years, unless she would abjure her faith. "I cannot," said Margaret; "I am one of Christ's children." During her imprisonment she wrote a long letter to her friends, full of the deep sense she had of the love of Christ to her soul, and of her ardent attachment to His cross and crown, and to Scotland's Covenant.

When the day of execution dawned, the stakes were driven deep into the sand in the Bay of Bladnoch, almost within sight of her home. Crowds of people gathered round the edge of the Bay, and far up among the sheltering rocks and hills the saints of God were kneeling on the heather in earnest prayer. From their dwelling of rocks they could see a company of soldiers, commanded by Major Windram—black Windram he was called—lead two women to the fatal spot. One was the aged widow, Margaret McLauchlan, the other was Margaret Wilson, in all the beauteous promise of her youth. They could see the elder martyr fastened to the stake nearest the cruelly advancing tide, and Margaret Wilson so placed that her sufferings might be sufficiently prolonged to awe her to submisson. They watched the tide advancing, and saw the aged widow bow her head in the waters and die, just as the first wave broke about Margaret's feet.

"What think ye of yon sight?" said a heartless soldier to her, as he pointed to the dying martyr.

"I think I see Christ yonder, wrestling in one of His members," was her answer. "Think ye it is we who are the sufferers? He sends none to the warfare on his own charges."

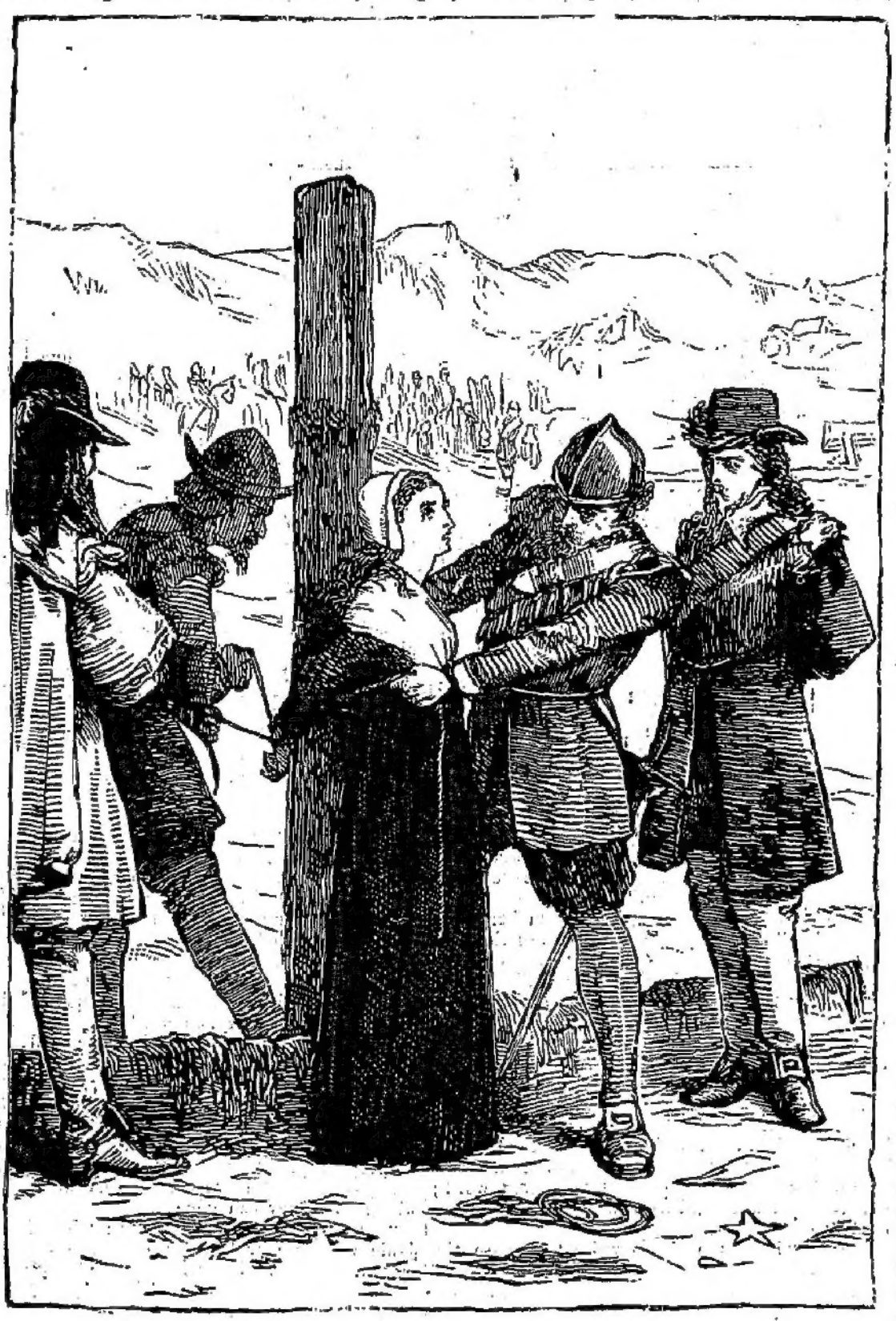
Then, as the tide advanced, slowly but surely, from knee to waist, the watchers on the heights could hear her voice in song. From waist to breast, from chin to lip, the waters slowly rose, while she sang with clear voice the well-known Psalm—

"Let not the errors of my youth,
Nor sins remembered be;
In mercy, for Thy goodness' sake,
Dear Lord, remember me!

"Oh, do Thou keep my soul, my God,
Do Thou deliver me;
Let me not be ashamed, since I
Do put my trust in Thee."

The breathless crowd gazed in silence at the scene—a silence that was at last broken by the agonized father, who cast himself at Windram's feet, crying, "My child! my child! Save my child!" So piercing was his cry that Windram's heart relented, and he ordered her to be released just

(Continued on eighth page.)



MARTYDOM OF MARGARET WILSON.

Temperance Department.

GOODY'S CUP OF MILK.

BY E. M. DAUGLISH.

"You want to know how it was I became foreman of these works? Well, I'll tell you. It was all along of a cup of milk!"

There was a slight laugh among the men who sat round George Robson as he said these words, but they knew he was "fond of his joke," as they expressed it, so they waited to hear what was coming next.

He was a fine tall fellow, this foreman, and as he stood amid his men he over-topped most of them. His hair was grizzled, and his face marked with lines that told of an accomplished purpose and struggles overcome.

It was the dinner-hour, and as the men's homes were in many cases distant they gathered in a neighboring coffee tavern for their meal.

"Well, you may laugh," went on Robson, "but if it's true that the acorn is the beginning of the oak tree, so it is that Goody Brown's milk-jug was the first start I got on the road to a better life. Ah! she was a good old soul."

"Well, tell us the story," said one of the men.

"Well, but about Goody's milk-jug," went on the foreman. "It was a good many years ago, and I was a lad somewhere about sixteen, and as hardened a young villain as you would see anywhere. I had been a regular 'gutter-child.' I never knew my mother; my father turned me out at seven years of age to shift for myself. He drank himself to death, and I just lived on the streets. I often got in prison for stealing little things, but at last for a bigger offence I was put in a reformatory. After a year or two I managed to run away, and took to a roving life, often up to wild pranks that might have caused my ruin, only God in his mercy held out His hand to save me. After a time I got work as a navvy on a new railway they were making down in the country. Though so young, I was strong for my age, and willing enough to work. Arab as I was, I yet thought it was somehow better to earn my own living by honest labor than to get it by stealing. Conscience was not quite dead in me, and I knew well enough when I was doing wrong. The navvies I was with were a rough lot, but none worse than myself, and some a deal better. I lodged in some sheds near the cutting, and every day, as I went to work, I had to pass Goody Brown's cottage.

"She was a tall, old woman, and used to stand at her gate and watch us as we passed, never heeding the rude words some of us gave her. She had a pretty little garden with roses and southernwood in it, and a row of beehives in a corner. She had some chickens too, and I fear we thought it would be a jolly plan to make off with one or two for our supper some fine evening.

"There was a little public close to the railway cutting, where we used to go and drink, but I never took kindly to it. I had seen too much of it when my father was alive, so I really suffered when my mates tried to make me drink.

"Well, one morning, after a drunken bout overnight, I started off to my work before the others. I felt very good for nothing, and almost wished I could kill myself and get rid of life altogether. As I passed the little cottage I noticed the old woman at her gate, seemingly on the lookout for me. It was very early, hardly light, and I felt surprised to see here there. As I came up she called to me, 'Here! my lad!'

"I felt half inclined to go and take no notice, but her voice sounded uncommon pleasant after the rough ones I'd been accustomed to, so I just stopped in the middle of the road. She beckoned me to come nearer, and when I went she held out a large mug full of milk. 'Here, lad,' says she, 'drink this; you must feel thirsty this morning,' and she looked at me with a look that went through me, hard and wretched as I was. It was so full of pity that as I drank the milk it was like to choke me. She said nothing more till I gave back the mug; then she said, 'Look here, lad, you're too young to take to drinking ways. Come in here for a sup of milk or coffee as you pass in the day. It will be better than the beer.'

"I was so surprised I could only say, 'Thank ye, missis,' and hurry off as fast as I could. You fellows can hardly understand the stunning effect of a bit of kindness, when you've never been used to it all your life. As I went to my work I felt as if Goody Brown had given me a blow on the head. I could not make out what she meant by caring to single me out and give me her milk. When I went home that night I was with a lot of others, and they carried me along with them, so I never stopped to see if the coffee was there, though I was thirsty. Next morning, however, it was just the same, there was Goody and her big mug. She watched me drink, with a smile on her face, and then said, 'Well, lad, is it good?'

"'I should think it was,' I said, 'too good for the likes of me.'

"'Nay, lad, nothing's too good for one of the Saviour's sheep.'

"'What do you mean, missis?' said I, though a faint idea of what she meant began to come into my mind.

"'Why, your Saviour cares for you. Don't you know that, my lad?' said Goody, putting her kind old hand on my shoulder, and looking earnestly in my face. 'Neglect him as much as you will, he cares for you; and so I am glad to give you a cupful for his sake.'

"I hardly understood a word of what she said, yet all day it kept running in my head, 'He cares for you;' and then because He cared old Goody did too—cared enough to stint herself for the sake of a young good-for naught who had meant to rob her hen house! Day by day went on, and the milk never failed. She always said a word or two about the Saviour; not much, only one or two little things that I never forgot; and in the midst of my rough life and wicked heart, there arose a desire to be better, just for the sake of Goody and the Saviour she served.

"I made no change to speak of in my life; however, I did keep out of the public most times. Once I got drunk, and next day was too ashamed to go for my milk as usual, but slunk to my work another way. When I went again she never scolded me; she only said, 'Well, lad, you've had a fall, but the Lord upholdeth all that fall, so you won't do it again, most likely.'

"At last came a sort of crash that ended all this, and drove me away to another part of the country. One night some of my mates made up their minds to steal one of Goody's hens, and determined I should be the thief. They had hated my friendship with her, and some of the worst of the lot meant to put a stop to it. Being almost the youngest among them, they thought they could force me to do anything, but they were wrong. They got me into the little public, and with threats and oaths told me what was expected of me. I said little, but when I started off, as they thought, in the direction of Goody's cottage, I only went to have a last look at it in the moonlight, and then I took to my heels and ran as hard as I could till I was far away from my old comrades and could smell the sea air.

"I got on board a ship, and was taken out to Australia as captain's boy. He was a godly man, that captain, just the same sort as old Goody, and he finished the work her milk jug had begun."

"It was something more than her milk jug," remarked one of the more serious of George Robson's auditors. "That begun it, perhaps, but it didn't carry it on."

"You're right there, Joe, it was God's grace that saved me at last, but I owed the knowledge of it to old Goody, who first showed me what Christian kindness meant.

"I told all this story after a bit, to Captain Graves, and he advised me to go and see Mrs. Brown as soon as I returned, and tell her all I had told him. I often felt how bitterly she must think of me, after all her goodness—to go off without a word; and I wondered if she had been robbed after all.

"I was too shy to write to her, so the voyage came to an end; and about a year and a half after I had left England I stood once more at Goody Brown's gate.

"It was evening time and the door was shut, but no light shone in the little window. I felt chilled to the heart. What if the old woman were dead? As I stood there, a train rushed by in the cutting below, and startled me into giving a good hard knock at the door.

"'Come in,' cried a cheerful voice, which made my heart beat with joy—for it was Goody's.'

"I opened the door, and could just see her sitting in the dark all alone. 'Who is it?' she asked.

"'Don't you know me, Mrs. Brown? It's me—George—the navvy boy you used to be so good to.'

"'So it is,' she said, getting up, with a joyful smile, 'and a new man, too, I know, by the sound of your voice. Come in, come in. I can't see you, for I've been blind the last six months.'

"When I heard that I ran forward and took both of Goody's hands, and we kissed each other. She made me sit down by her and tell her all the story. How she wept, to be sure, poor old soul. It seems she had a son about my age who had died, and from the first she had taken an interest in me for his sake.

"'But it was your cup of milk that first made me want to be better, Goody,' I said; 'and now with God's help, I'll be a help to you for the rest of your days.'

"'Well, George,' said Goody, softly, 'you know a cup of cold water given for the sake of the Lord shall not lose its reward, and I'm sure mine far exceeds what I deserve. I never thought the Lord would let you be lost, but I did not feel sure he'd let me know all about it as he has."

"I did not go back to sea again. I lodged with Goody and got work on the railway. She was glad to have me lead her about and be a comfort to her in her declining days. I gradually improved my position, and she took a delight in every fresh step I made, till she was called home a few years ago.

"That's the story, mates. It's a very simple one, but it is quite wonderful what a little act of kindness can do for one who is in need."

The great bell rang and called the men back to their work; but the hour had not been lost, for the foreman's story made its mark, even though the good seed did not immediately shoot up and bear fruit.—*Temperance Chronicle.*

JANIE'S SHOES.

"James," said Mrs. Townsend to her husband, "Janie won't be able to go out again till she has a new pair of shoes."

"Why! you don't mean to say that those I bought last are worn out?"

"Yes, they are; they have been patched and stitched until they are now quite beyond mending. Poor little thing, it is hard if she cannot run out, even in the garden, when it is the least damp, without getting wet-footed."

"Well, she can't have them this week, that is certain; I haven't a penny more than I shall want for railway fares and other things."

"What do you do with your money, James?" asked Mrs. Townsend, piteously. "I can't think where it all goes."

"No more can I," answered the husband; "it seems to me there must be great waste somewhere; how do you manage to get rid of it all?"

"I can show you an account of all I have spent," replied Mrs. Townsend. "Can you tell me what you spend?"

This was not said angrily, but, on the other hand, in a kindly, entreating tone.

"Well, you know, Kate, I hardly ever take any notice of the few pence I spend," answered her husband.

"But what becomes of the money? it must go somewhere, and I am sure I do not spend it extravagantly, James."

"Let me look at your book, Kate, and then I can judge for myself."

The account-book was brought, and Townsend looked it carefully through; column after column he added up, but could find no error; and he scratched his head in his perplexity, as though he thought that by doing so he could solve the mystery as to where his money had gone.

"I can't make it out," he said; "but if Janie wants a pair of shoes, of course she must have them. I lent John King fifteen shillings a little time ago, and I will go and ask him to return it; certainly I have had a little beer there since, but that will only come to a shilling or two."

King kept a beer-house not far from Townsend's home, and sometimes the latter had obliged the former by advancing him a few shillings when the collector had been coming and King was short of money.

"I wish you did not have so much to do with King," said Mrs. Townsend. "He will do you no good."

"Nor harm either, Kate. I must have a glass of ale now and then, and King's house is handiest for me; besides, I have known him from a child, and he is a very good sort of fellow."

So saying, Townsend took his hat and walked out. In a few minutes he was at "The Six Bells."

"Oh! Mrs. King," he said, "will it be convenient to you to return the money I lent your husband a few days ago?"

"Certainly, Mr. Townsend," answered the landlady. "Shall I deduct your beer score?"

"Yes, you may as well. I shan't have it to pay another time, if I do it now, that's one good thing," returned James.

"Let me see," said Mrs. King, looking at a book in which James' score was entered. "Let me see; I don't think there is much difference between us, is there?"

"Not much difference!" cried Townsend; "yes, I should think there is; it was fifteen shillings I lent King."

"Yes, and your score comes to fourteen and elevenpence."

"What!" said Townsend, "You must have made a mistake."

"No, here it is, you see; tenpence on Monday last week, a shilling on Tuesday—but there, you can see for yourself." So saying, she handed the book to her customer.

James scratched his head again, this time a little harder than before, but could not see that there was any error in the account.

"Fourteen and elevenpence!" he said at length; "I didn't think it was half that."

"Well, you know you have had a little extra lately, and then I sent in more on Saturday night to serve you for Sunday."

"Yes," said James, "I know you did; but fourteen and elevenpence; I can't make it out."

But it was no good for James Townsend to puzzle his brains or scratch his head; there was the amount, and he could dispute none of the items.

"Well, have a pint of beer and we will cry quits," said the landlady; "and I am sure we are much obliged to you for the loan."

"So I should think," thought James Townsend; "and I am very glad I did lend the money to you; if I had not done so I should have paid for my beer as I had it, a penny or twopence at a time, and then I should never have known how much I did spend on it. Let me see," he continued, as he walked slowly home, "fourteen shillings and elevenpence in a fortnight; why, that is more than a shilling a day. I couldn't have believed it; a shilling a day is eighteen pounds five a year, and say I only spend sixpence a day in the ordinary way, that's nine pounds two and six a year. I'll throw it up altogether. I won't buy a drop more, that I won't."

And he kept his word, and the next week Janie had a good pair of shoes, and now there are no complaints about being short of money, nor any wondering where it goes.

If every one who is in the habit of "dropping into" a public-house for a pint or half a pint several times a day, would take the trouble to reckon up what he spends weekly, we feel sure that many would be as much astonished to find what their beer costs them as was James Townsend on this occasion.—*British Workman.*

ALL RAILWAY and other large corporations are becoming great total abstinence societies. When an applicant comes for a position he is asked if he is a drinking man; if he takes a drink now and then; if so, they do not want him. This is not because the road superintendent cares more for one man than others, but because he must look out for the trains in his care, and must have men he knows are reliable and can always be depended on. And you can't depend on the man who drinks. Why, the other day I heard of a distiller that declined to hire an engineer because he admitted that he took a drop now and then. They wanted a sober and reliable man. Insurance companies won't insure men who drink heavily because of their great mortality.—*Mrs. J. Ellen Foster.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WITHOUT PARTIALITY.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

We all know it is most unjust to show any spirit of favoritism, yet every mother must watch against an inclination to do this very thing. Perhaps it is not the brightest or best child that she favors; perhaps just because she feared being too fond of her good, dutiful, talented boy she has overdone matters as regards a blundering, heedless, unattractive child. A relation or visitor sees her partiality in act towards the blunderer and tells her of it, and the mother, not realizing that "by our deeds we shall be justified" or condemned feels hurt and indignant. Instead of watching herself carefully, she only remembers that she was once tempted to partiality towards her eldest boy, and so will not believe she can be partial to any other.

But this spirit of partiality has to be cut down and rooted out again and again. We mothers must not treat all alike, for each child requires special treatment; this one needs to be sent alone, that one is brought to the right-about by a smart whipping, a third is punished most effectually through his stomach, or rather his palate (a child's stomach should never be denied what it needs.) But while we treat our children differently, we must love them all alike. How can we do it?

I know of but one way. Ask God for his love: the natural mother love, the mere animal love which we have in common with all the brute creation, will not suffice. For instance, a child mortifies you by doing an unmannerly thing before some friend. Your natural love will at once give way, and you strike out just as a cat strikes her kittens; or if you are too well-bred to strike, you have no love, no pity, at the moment for the child. You are simply provoked and perhaps would "like to shake him." But ask God for his love; let him abide in you, and you are only anxious to correct sins, loving the sinner, day by day and hour by hour, with his strong tender love. This love can only flow into our hearts as we let it flow out; it must be used if we would have it. I know this may seem unreal and paradoxical; but act it out and see how it will help you in your home. The next time Dick heedlessly breaks something, think for a moment before you say a word to the boy; try to find out God's thought as to the act, and ask Him to give you His wisdom; you know we have Scripture warrant for this.

This is the only way I know of to escape being partial, and you must give this secret to the children as they grow up. Boys should not be allowed to have their favorites. One sister may be more congenial to a boy than another, and he may choose her oftener for a companion, but all must share his favors alike.

We mothers should so bring up our children that they will stand by each other all through life; if one is more successful than another, let him share his success with the others. This is not a mere theory; two mothers (at least) have already brought up their children to do this, and I trust there are others.

One set of brothers in Boston agreed to share their net profits every year. The eldest brother made much more than the others, but he put his larger amount in the general fund, and year after year all divide their profits. Shall we not be stimulated by such examples to cultivate in our children the spirit of that wisdom from above which is "without partiality"?—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

We have been much interested in a small work on "Health and Strength for Girls," written jointly by Mary J. Safford, M. D. and Mary E. Allen, the latter Superintendent of Boston Ladies' and Children's Gymnasium.

Chapter third is entitled "My Little Patient," and reads thus:

"I am going to tell the young school-girls who read this about the little patient who came to me yesterday. What a wretched little huddle she looked as I came down to her! She is only thirteen, but the tired outness of forty-five was on her pale face. Her lungs were lost—folded up somewhere between her rounded, bowed shoulders, as she drooped in her chair.

"Sit up! sit up—up—up," I said, my own lungs aching sympathetically at sight of her.

"I—can't!" she answered me, and with such a hopeless respiration.

I doubt if she will, or can yet, of her own accord. I drew her shoulders back, but they fell forward again, in a moment, as I took my seat.

My patient goes to school from nine a. m. to two p. m.

The school is about four blocks from her house. I learn from her that she almost always rides to school on the horse-cars that pass by her door.

* * * * * *

When my pale young friend gets home from school, does she do as does her brother two years her senior? He takes bat and ball, and makes a bee-line for the nearest play-ground; and there, with a rollicking set of playmates, throws his whole soul and body into fun-making for two or more hours. No, she doesn't do that. A piano lesson is to be practised; or there is a fascinating piece of Kensington stitch to be finished in time for a present for some festal occasion. She gets no change of position; her head still droops, her shoulders still bow forward, her spine still curves.

And thus the twelve hours of previous sunshine have faded into evening, and the pale girl has had it all under glass.

Now night closes in upon her, the lamp is lighted, and the brother and sister draw about it and begin the task of study for the coming day.

His mind is fresh. His body tingles with ruddy health from head to foot. He is ready for bed. Probably "study hours out of school" will work him no serious harm.

But his pale sister! She was so weary and nervous when she began to study, that nothing seems clear to her; and after spending two hours, bowed over her books, in an endeavor to commit her lessons to memory, discouraged, and it may be tearful, she is persuaded to go to bed. But it is not to sleep in quiet, restful sleep. Her lessons haunt her dreams. She awakens in the morning unrefreshed, to begin the routine of another high-pressure day.

What did I do for her?

I did not put up any medicine for her to carry home. I showed her how to sit correctly and healthfully, how to stand healthfully, and how to walk healthfully. But before the lesson was over, I saw that I must send for the mother and instruct her. Upon her must fall, for a while, the responsibility of insisting that her neglected child sits, stands and walks healthfully.

She should have begun this supervision long ago when her daughter was but ten years old.—*Standard.*

DISH WASHING AND DISH CLOTHS.

A practical subject certainly to present to a young wife just beginning to be disgusted with housework in general, and dish washing in particular. At home she never did more in that line than rinse out the silver and glass and perhaps wipe the remainder of the table dishes, while mother did the rest. Now no hands but her own stand ready to attack the huge pile, and she sighs as she commences and sighs as she finishes them.

Now, my young friend, let me give you an insight into the science of this matter, and you will dread it no longer. When you clear up your table, remove all the food first, then the caster, sugar bowl, etc. Then take a knife and scrape all the crumbs from every plate and dish into the hens' pail, put the bits of butter into the plate of cooking butter, and pour out all slops of tea, coffee or water. Then pile up the plates artistically (here is some of the science,) the larger ones at the bottom, and so on.

When all are picked up and arranged in order, convey them to a shelf or table in close proximity to the sink. Mix in your dish pan, which should be a large tin one with two handles, as tin is so much easier to keep sweet and clean than the little wooden tubs we used years ago, and will never rust if scalded and wiped dry every time it is used, a quantity of pretty warm water, with a little soap. Wash every dish separately, commencing with glass and silver, and ending with tins and kettles. Then wash out your dish pan, pile all, or as many of the dishes as you can into it, pour a dipper of hot water into your tins, and wipe while hot—never drying by or on the stove as it spoils them. Rinse your silver and glass and wipe immediately; then pour the hot water over the dishes, with enough more to scald them thoroughly, and rinse off all the dish water. Whirl them around rapidly in the pan, then turn one by one upon a rack to drain, said rack supposed to be an indispensable appendage to the sink. Wipe as fast as possible. You will have to work lively at this stage of operations, as they must not be allowed to drain dry, as by so doing they have a spotted, streaked look. You will be perfectly astonished at the fun of washing dishes if you proceed in this way. They are finished up so suddenly that you wonder what has become of them.—*Exchange.*

A MOTHER'S TACT.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors, and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

"It would litter the carpet"—so said aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat. Mamma knew this, but she knew that a few minutes' work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well until the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and half crying he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes."

"I will"— and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer; but the quick sympathy, the ready tact made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with his play, while the mother sewed on with no jar on nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired cutting pies, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horse waggon, and play those bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them into the kindling box; play that's the wood house."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up, without his ever thinking that he was doing anything but play.

"Well," said aunt Martha, "old as I am, I've learned one thing to-day, and I wish Emily would come in and take lessons, I do."

Mrs. Waldo looked up in some surprise.

"What do you mean, auntie?"

"Well, I spent yesterday afternoon over there," the old lady had a weakness for visiting, and was "Auntie" to people generally, "and things were in a snarl, all the time, starting with less than Josie's given you a dozen times since I sat here. I've had a good talk with you, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week to come; over there we couldn't hear ourselves speak. It was 'Don't do that,' and 'You naughty child,' spill and scratch and break and tumble, scold and slap half the time. Emily means well; she loves her children, and never spares herself sewing for them, or nursing them when they are sick. She has a world of patience some ways, but she don't seem to have any faculty for managing them. Well, well, I'll send her over here, only I won't let on why," and the old lady rolled up her knitting as the bell rang for tea.

A little tact springing from thoughtful love, how good it is!—*Selected.*

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—At night take two quarts of flour, rub in three tablespoonfuls of lard, make a hole in the middle of the flour and put in one pint of cold boiled milk, one-third cup of good yeast, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one well-beaten egg, one teaspoonful of salt, stir well, let it stand until morning without mixing, then mix and let stand until noon, roll out thin, cut with a biscuit cutter, spread with butter, fold them over, let them get very light and bake in a quick oven.

PUZZLES.

TWO-WORD CHARADE.

My first the radiant summer skies
When showers have passed, will sometimes span,
With varied hues of richest dyes,
God's sign of promise unto man.

My second with the ills we class
To which our mortal fame is heir,
For here not all is bliss—alas!
Some pains we surely all must bear.

My third is something,—nothing, too,—
In but one course will ever trend;
You'll find, when you have searched it through,
There's no beginning and no end.

My whole is fixed and well defined,
Yet limitless must ever be;
And in its hard embrace you'll find
No charms, I think, for you or me.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

Behead and curtail No. 1 to find No. 2.

1. A lord. 2. Atmosphere.
1. A rope with a noose. 2. An animal.
1. To receive information. 2. Part of the head.
1. A bank built along a river. 2. The latter part of the day.
1. A gift. 2. A verb.
1. An Eastern prince. 2. An interjection.
1. A bird. 2. Charity.
1. The course travelled. 2. Not in.

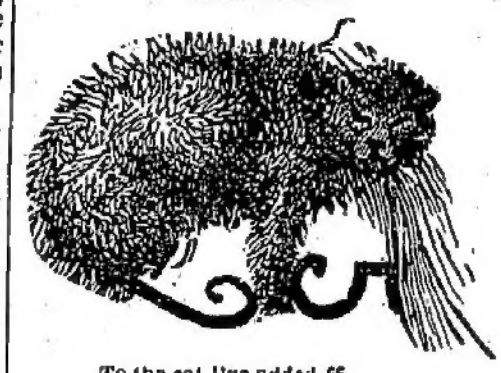
NONSENSE RHYMES.

The italicized letters put in proper order spell the names of rivers in Europe.

When we were on the *Uba Den*.
Its waters, blue as the *Ho Ren*.
Reminded us of the *Ir Hen*.
Then, then we thought of bright *Oa Sen*,
And often spoke of wild *Die Stren*,
Yet loved far more our own Ei Sen.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

PUSSY PUZZLE.



To the cat I've added 65,
And made a man, as I'm alive.
AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.—Whale.

DO NOT WAKE THE CHILDREN.

The habit of waking children early in the morning, before they are thoroughly recuperated with sleep, is an exceedingly injurious one. Sleep is nature's time of recuperation, a condition in which the principal, cardinal, and voluntary functions of the organism are largely suspended, in order that the process of recuperation may take place. Nature in this respect comprehends her necessities better than either parent or governess. A child grows rapidly, and is called upon, in the building up of the constitution, to recuperate abundantly, so that youth requires much more sleep than age. After one's constitution becomes consolidated, and he has passed middle life, he sleeps very much less than in younger times; but up to the age of twenty-five years, sleep in large degree is desirable that the constitution may be thoroughly invigorated and preserved against taxations in the future. Children should be put to bed early—say seven to eight o'clock; they should, if possible, go to sleep in a pleasant frame of mind, at peace with the world, and in loving submission to those who have them in charge; and they should be permitted to sleep until, having thoroughly recuperated, they waken of themselves in the morning. Be particular that their feet are warm, and that they have more covering placed upon the feet than upon other parts of the body. As long as a person keeps warm feet there is little danger of colds and serious illness, but when circulation in the extremities fail, we may look out for congestions or inflammations, which constitute nine-tenths of the diseases which afflict human beings.—*Health.*

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.)

CHAPTER II. — *Continued.*

For answer, his father lifted him gently on to his knee, and put his strong arms around him, as though to defy even the thought of Death to touch his precious boy; and when the tea-things came in, Willie woke up from a cosy nap, lively and smiling; but his smiles could not banish from his father's mind the thought that, for the first time in his life the child had appealed to him for help in vain. Willie had turned to him, hoping his clever father would relieve him from the fear of lying for ever underground; but what could his father tell him, since he had determined the child should never hear of Him who says, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die"?

CHAPTER III.

"OUR FATHER!"

Intense hunger often prevents sleep, and though Davie felt tired and faint, he was still wide awake that evening when he crept away from an approaching policeman to rest within one of the recesses made by the seats upon the bridge. Away in the distance he saw everywhere the lighted windows of homes, but he—like the King of earth and heaven—"had not where to lay his head." It was cold and damp, curled up on the stone seat above the river, and some might even have preferred the warm, safe prison cell; but to the street boy liberty was next to life. He was free—free to look up at the golden stars, and wonder vaguely concerning their calm, sacred beauty; free to look down at the flowing waters, and think of a boy he had seen drawn up out of the river drowned.

"Anyways he ain't hungry," thought Davie; "I mind he were often short of cash like me, before he got drownded; wonder what's come of him now!"

The next moment he was conscious of a faltering step beside him, and the starlight showed him dimly the bent figure of an aged woman, with a little basket on her arm. He saw she was poor and feeble, so he felt there was no need for him to make his escape.

"Why, my lad!" said a weak, quavering voice, "ain't this a blessing that we've got into this cosy place out of the rain? It's just beginning to come down, but we shan't feel it much if we creep under that there shelter."

"The bobby will be by," said Davie. "I 'spects I can give him the slip, but he'll see you, and he'll turn you out, sure enough."

"He's turned his light on here a while ago," said the woman. "I don't think he'll look right in again, and if it rains hard, he'll turn into the cabmen's shelter at the top; I hope he'll let me alone just this one night."

"They'll take you in at the Union," suggested Davie, "if you hain't got no tin."

"Why ain't you there, child?" she asked.

"Oh, I couldn't—I wants to feel free."

"And so do I, lad; I've lived off the parish, and I hoped to die off the parish, but our Father—He knows better nor I do. Maybe I've got stuck-up of late, for I'm over seventy, and I've earned my living, and nursed my good man till he went to glory; and what with charing and needlework and washing, I never wanted no parish relief; but I've got the rheumatiz this three month, and I couldn't do no work nor pay the rent, and I'm two month behind, so the landlord he sold

OLD BETTY AND DAVIE ON THE BRIDGE.

me out to-day, and told me to go to the Union."

"What a shame!" cried Davie. "I'd like to shoot the old fellow."

"Ye mustn't talk like that, child; I ought not to have been behind with my rent, but this poor hand got terrible bad a while ago."

"Won't it get worse if you stay here? the rain is getting in to us now."

"It don't feel over bad to-night; I feel somehow stiff and chilly, but I'm not in pain, thank the Lord!"

"Well, I'm glad you're come," said Davie. "I likes company, and I'm that hungry I can't sleep."

"Well now, that's queer. I've got half a loaf as a neighbor give me—poor dear! she wanted it bad enough herself—and I can't get no appetite to eat a morsel. So here it is, dearie, and do you eat every bit of it; dear now! where's your mother, to leave you alone, and you such a little wee boy?"

"Haven't got no mother," said Davie, snatching at the food, "and I ain't little; I'm bigger than I look in the dark. But I say, you'll be hungry maybe to-morrow, and then you'll want this."

"No, lad; it ain't no good keeping up my pride—the Lord knows better nor I do, and since He sends me there, I'll go there; He'll come along of me, I know. I'm a-going to apply there in the morning, only I just wanted one night more to feel free like afore I goes to the —— Workhouse. I likes being out here better than being shut up there, so I says to myself, 'Betty, you shall say one more prayer out of the Union, and then you goes in to-morrow!' 'I'd a-hoped to have died out of the House, but sure and I ain't no call to be discontented and to grumble—it's nothing to what the Lord went through.'"

"Who's the Lord? do you mean the Lord Mayor?" asked Davie, with his mouth dangerously full.

"Why, laddie! our Lord—our Lord Jesus."

"He ain't our Lord," said Davie, "I ain't heard nothink on Him."

"Not heard of Jesus! why, there's nobody loves you like Jesus does, laddie."

"Nobody loves me at all," said Davie, "nor I don't want them to; Jarvis pretended to care a lot for me, and he got me in gaol. Reckon you wouldn't sit so close to me, if you'd a-known 'I'm out of gaol to-day."

"I don't know about Jarvis," said Betty; "but whether you've been in gaol or not, I know the Lord does love you. Why, He used to touch the lepers—poor creatures nobody wouldn't have about them, and who had to get out of the way of everybody."

"Just like me," said Davie, "Guess He wouldn't touch me though; I'm horrid dirty, but I means to wash in the morning."

"You don't know my Lord Jesus, you don't know nothing of Him if you think He wouldn't touch you; why, boy, we touch Him when we pray to him."

"Pray—what's that?"

"Talking to Jesus; He likes us to tell Him all we feels, and all we wants."

"All we wants? my eye!" cried Davie, "I wants something more to eat, and a new suit, and kittens, and lots. Where does He live? Guess if I go to Him, some one will drive me off."

"No, nobody can," said the old woman, "there ain't nobody can drive us off from God."

"God! is it Him as you means?—I can't get to Him."

"Yes you can, and He will hear you and help you."

"Tell me how." The boy crept close up to her, his face upturned to hers in the darkness.

"I can't tell you much, laddie; I'm only old Betty, and don't know nothink. But God did teach us one prayer, and I knows that right enough. You say it after me—say it quick, 'cause something queer's come to my tongue, and I feels a bit sleepy. Our Father."

"Our Father," said Davie, in wondering, hushed tones

"Our Father," came again more feebly from old Betty, and again the boy spoke it after her. But she did not speak again, only leant back against the wall, and her basket rolled from her hand.

"She's gone to sleep, sure enough," said Davie. "Guess I'd like to tell Him all I wants. But it don't matter about me; I'm used to sleeping out of doors; but she's too old for it;" and then his face looked up to the sky where the dark cloud hid the stars, and Davie uttered his first prayer—"Our Father, can't you find a place for old Betty to-night?"

He dropped fast asleep by her side, so sound asleep that he was not conscious when in the gray dawn of morning a policeman flashed his lantern into the recess, and found a little ragged boy asleep on the seat, wrapped round in Betty's shawl. But the old woman slept more deeply still, for though she had been turned from her earthly home, One whom she loved had drawn nigh unto her in the darkness, and lifted her away to our Father's house, "where the many mansions be."

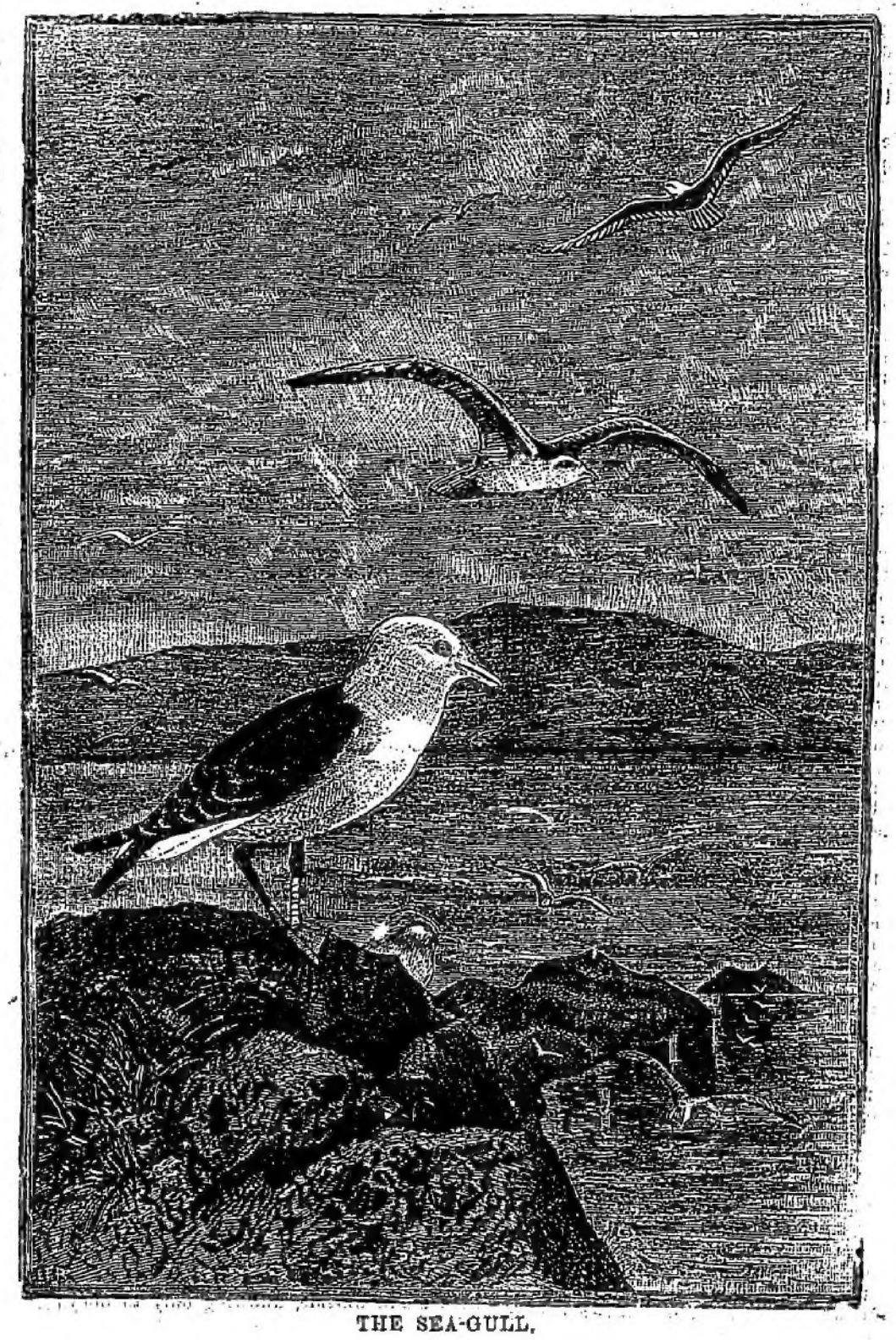
(To be continued.)

SEA GULLS.

The sea gull is usually "wholefooted," that is, more or less webtoed; although many of them are no swimmers, being far outdone in that graceful accomplishment by the awkward, waddling duck. Its buoyant body eminently fits it for flying, in which gay and fascinating employment it spends most of its days, apparently never wearied on its long and strong wings. It is thickly dressed with oily feathers, which effectually protect it from the assaults of the beating rain, the dash of the breaking wave, or the penetrating moisture of the sea-fog. It is also fitted out with a sharp-pointed bill, slightly crooked or hooked at the end, with which it captures its prey See this one, for example, as he shoots down like a dart upon the water, where his keen eye has descried a little fish. There! he rises again, with the wriggling captive in his bill. Now, you think, he must retire to some near rock or bending bush on which to eat it. But no; without any assistance from foot or folded wing, this capable bill has no trouble in instantly disposing of the little wriggler; and the work of plunder goes right on again.

At times you will see them in idle groups, alighted on some projecting sand-point, as though refreshing themselves from weariness of wing; but the true explanation is, that they are waiting or watching for signals that the rapacious blue-fish, or the bonito, are driving another school of helpless youngsters of other tribes to the surface, in the seizure of which they will lend a hand. For they are apparently always hungry, with no set hours for dining. These domestic gulls are said not to be divers; but they are, notwithstanding, frequently seen, in striking for a fish, to disappear entirely for a moment or two beneath the surface. They are no waders, like the snipe or the sand piper.

In color, some varieties are pied, or parti-colored, while others are gray or brown. Reeds, or rushes, or the long grasses, afford them shelter for their nests; while others of them seem quite satisfied with the open sand, where they unconcernedly drop their eggs, leaving them, as the ostrich has been said to do, "in the earth, and warming them in the dust, forgetful that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them." Take care! don't tread on that little congress of unfledged young ones on the beach before you. They look so much like the sand itself that you must look sharp to see them. But you may handle them with impunity, as they make no outcry, and their good easy mothers are probably far away, fishing; or, if near by, they will not fly into your eyes with unappeasable fury, like the fierce eagle or the falcon.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*



THE SEA-GULL.

TWO BOYS' VERBS.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

Tom Fuller and Ed. Horton were making a snow image. They had worked all one cold day at their Sphinx, as they had called it, for no particular reason. Toward night they were giving it the last touches and chatting about matters in general.

"Nobody would say we lacked perseverance if he knew how much snow we had managed today," said Ed.

"No, indeed," returned Tom. "Professor Wilson said yesterday that neither of us lacked will nor energy."

"What of it?" asked Ed.

"Oh! he meant, of course, that it only depended on us to decide what we would be hereafter," returned Tom hacking away on the Sphinx's nose with comical gravity.

Ed dumped a new load of snow before he exclaimed: "I am going to have a good education first, then I will have money, for brains and money give a man power and position. Father says that every time he points out Judge Wells, who was a poor cartman's son, Bolton, the banker, he too started out with only will and pluck. Why can't we do what other poorer boys have done?"

"Sure as you live now, Ed, we can do that same," roared Tom, slapping the Sphinx's broad cheek with his shovel; but just then the supper-bell rang, and the ghastly white monster was declared to be a beauty, then left for the night. As the boys turned away, Ed Horton said, laughing: "If the Sphinx would only open her cold lips and tell us our fortunes. I would just like to see twenty years from to-day, for instance."

Two bright, winning fellows they were, and no man or woman could have told which was more likely to be the better man. They were equal in scholarship, and if Ed was ambitious Tom was earnest.

Twenty years went by; parents and teachers were dead; a great factory stood where the Sphinx once rose and melted.

Where were the boys? They had gone after their verbs. I will "have" had been Ed Horton's, and he had gained by his talents, money. Wealth and knowledge easily gained him political power, and men began to call him greatly successful. Tom's verb had all along been I will "be" whatever is just, worthy, upright, and pure; true to myself, helpful to other men. Moderate wealth and also a certain power of character had come to Tom. He had because he was.

One cold November evening, Tom, who was a physician with a large practice, was coming home from a call when he passed crowds of noisy men rejoicing over a great political victory, for it was election night. He heard Horton's name everywhere, and he knew his old schoolmate had gained a long-coveted office. Coming suddenly to a brilliantly-lighted liquor-saloon, he found the entrance blocked by a swearing, shouting, half-crazy crew already drunken. Glancing in he saw Horton dispensing unlimited whiskey to these his political adherents.

"Poor Ed! poor Ed!" sighed Tom. "He took a wrong start someway, and now he does not seem to care what he is so he gets what he wants. He is cheating himself. He is a shrewd politican, but he is getting to be a fraud as a man. I wish he could begin life over; but it is too late."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

ABOUT THE BANYAN TREE.

The Banian or Banyan tree is of enormous size. Each tree forms a small grove; for each branch sends out small tender fibres which are actually roots, and when these reach the ground they root themselves, and in time become thick trunks. As this process is continually going on it is easy to see that one tree becomes in a short time a series of trunks which form delightful alleys with cool retreats most desirable in hot climates. The Hindoos think much of this tree—they look upon its sheltering branches as emblematic of the outstretched arms of God affording them safety and contentment. The Brahmins pass much of their time beneath the pleasant shade and meditate upon their religion. And where there is no temple, the Banyan tree is made to take its place, and worship is conducted under its leafy ceiling.—*Little Folks.*

IT IS THE performance of every duty, and the exercise of every function in the fullest manner, that constitutes a happy, valuable life.

The Family Circle.

ONLY A PENNY.

"Mamma, I've only a penny,"
I heard a wee girl say;
"And it seems so very little
For me to give away."

"To give away? Where?" said mamma.
"Why, don't you understand?
I want ever so much money
For our new mission band.

"There's a lot of little heathen
In a country far away,
Who don't know hardly anything,—
Not even how to pray

"As we do here. Their gods, you see,
Are made of stone and wood;
They're taught all kinds of wicked things,
And so they are not good.

"We're going to send them Bibles,
So they'll know the God we do;
And when they know how good he is,
They'll love our Jesus too.

"And then they'll all be happy,"
Said the child in sweet content;
"But it takes a lot of money,
And I have only a cent.

"If it were only a five-cent piece
It would not look so small;
But it seems as if a penny
Were not anything at all."

"My dear," said mamma quietly,
Though a smile o'er her features played.
"You say you have only a penny;
Of what are dollars made?"

"Of cents," said the little maiden.
"Then, darling, don't you see
That, if there were no pennies,
There would no dollars be?

"Suppose that every little girl
Should say as you have done—
'A penny's such a tiny thing
It can't help any one'—

"How many Bibles do you think
That you would send away?
So, don't despise the pennies,
But save them day by day;

"And soon you'll find you have enough
For all you want to do;
For in saving up the pennies
You save the dollars, too."

—*Children's Work for Children.*

THE BOY CAPTIVE.

A STORY OF BRIGAND LIFE IN EUROPEAN TURKEY.

By Miss I. M. Leyburn.

There might have been seen in a cavern, near the summit of one of those high mountains in Southern European Turkey, just after midnight, a band of a dozen or more Greek brigands. They were reclining or sitting cross-legged on their capotes, or large furry overcoats, drinking rachi. Their white fustanelles and scarlet jackets and gaiters formed a picturesque tableau in the brightly-lighted cavernous room; for each brigand kept his lamp burning before the picture of the Virgin, or of some specially revered saint, and however bloodthirsty or cruel the deeds of the day may have been, their devotions before the sacred pictures were duly performed at night. In another apartment the younger, raw recruits, who acted as valets for the rest, were busy preparing supper.

"Demetre," said the captain of the band, a tall, stalwart Greek, whose intelligent face and fine commanding appearance indicated that he could, under different circumstances and training, have commanded an army instead of a band of robbers, "go outside and tell those boys to roast four lambs; we are famishing and may have nothing more to eat in twenty-four hours. And tell them to make no fire near the opening of the cave, for one spark could be seen by those Turks, whose camp-fires are now burning on Mt. Pelion; and if they discover this retreat, there is not another for a hundred miles around so well suited to our needs, and so inaccessible to them; though I scarcely believe the cowardly dogs would attack us, should our retreat be discovered."

"Truly," growled one of the band, and muttered a terrible anathema on the head of the Sultan and all his followers.

"However," replied the captain, "the English might force them to ferret us out;" then turning to the group around him, he said, "Well, my boys, we must make another capture; our funds are getting low, and our wives and our children are starving. What shall we do?"

"Capture the child from the English Consulate," replied the old Greek, with another oath, accompanied this time with the solemn bowing and reverent crossing of himself before the picture of the Virgin, adding, "May the most holy mother help us."

"Old Petros advises us to capture little Ernest Kamanski; shall we?" asked the captain.

"No, never," replied Nicholas, a kind-hearted old Greek who sat near.

"Who is this child?" asked young Themistocles a handsome youth who had joined the band the day before.

"Who is he?" replied the captain. "Why, the only son of an English lady who lives at the port some twenty miles distant and whose residence is the English Consulate," though her husband is a German and not the consul. But he is an English subject, and besides, a captive from the Consulate would secure for us a much larger booty than any other capture we could make. Why do you so warmly oppose it, Nicholas, my boy?"

"Why, captain," said the old man, "because the child was the playmate of my little Yannie, over whose grave there burns no oil for his soul because those fiendish wretches the Turks have left us nothing in our home. But little Ernest came every day to see my boy when he lay sick, and brought him part of his own food. He wept, too, as if his little heart would break, over little Yannie's grave, when the priest threw the spadeful of earth into his face. No, I'll never see him taken from his mother's arms as my child was taken from mine. Besides, the Greeks have not a better friend in the country than Mrs. Kamanski."

"What," shrewdly inquired the captain, "took your child from your arms? Did he not perish from want of food, and do you choose that all of our children perish in the same way?" Then pausing for a moment he added with great warmth, "No; oppression begets revenge, and cruelty is but the natural child of cruelty; and just so long as fiends are allowed to rule over us, our actions must partake of fiendishness. No power on earth can so long retain or so soon remove this Turkish rule as England, therefore let the weight of these calamities come upon England's children as well as our own."

"Then why not capture the English consul at once," said old Nicholas, partly convinced, still wanting to spare the child.

"Why, for more reasons than one," replied the captain; "he travels with a mounted guard, and it would take an armed force, more than we could muster, to capture him. Then, too, he is brave and daring. I do not believe we would ever take him alive, and his dead body would only bring revenge upon us and our children. We tried it once and failed."

"Then take the child," said one whose sorrow of countenance was mingled with hatred and revenge. "If revenge is sweet, let me drink deeply of it, for where are my wife and three little ones? Dead on Mt. Pelion! I went out on that bright spring morning and fought bravely until the sun set, and when I went back to my village at night what was left me? A barren, naked, desolate house, my wife and three little ones murdered by the Turks. The springtime has come and gone again, but no brightness or sunshine has ever come to me since. There is nothing for me to live for now but revenge."

"And I," said old Petros, not less vindictively, "have suffered more. My wife and daughters were brutally treated and cruelly beaten, and my boy, my only son, who would have perpetuated my name and family, was bound like a beast, and his head was cut off with the dull knives of Turkish soldiers, while I was tied hand and foot in sight and hearing of the deed."

"Who has eaten more bitterness than I?" growled still another of the band, "for only a few weeks ago my old father, mother, and brother-in-law were all cruelly murdered, and my beautiful sister was spared only that the fiends might revel in her anguish when she was taken in to see the dead bodies which they had placed in mocking attitudes before the open door. She, poor child, was found a few hours later and taken to the English consul a raving maniac."

"But were they not brigands like ourselves?" asked the young Themistocles.

"Like ourselves! no," replied the captain. "Never; they were sheep-stealers—a lower grade of brigands who have no code of honor—and besides they were Turks. We capture only for booty, they to gratify their bloodthirsty passions."

"Yet we often shed blood, and innocent blood," answered the youth.

"We never do," said the captain, "unless forced to it by our necessities and those of our suffering wives and little ones."

"But, as in the case of Ernest Kamanski, may we not be forced to kill him, or at least multilate his body?" asked Themistocles.

"What!" said old Nicholas, thoroughly aroused, "then we will never capture him. I'll go to his mother to-night and warn her of the threatened danger, unless, captain, you give me your word of honor, here in the presence of your band, that the child's body will be returned alive and whole to his mother."

"The fool will betray us, or I should not bind myself," said the captain aside; then to Nicholas, "My word of honor is given, and as leader of this band I do solemnly promise that the child shall be returned alive and whole to his parents. But to ease your conscience we will ask 'Papa Demetre' if this capture is right."

A lazy-looking priest with unkempt beard and long hair sat drinking a cup of strong coffee as an antidote for the rachi he had drunk so freely. "Well," said he "our religion does not teach that revenge is right, yet from pecuniary considerations this capture becomes a necessity. Why, my five daughters* will never marry if I have no money to give them, and my portion of this child's ransom must go towards that."

"Upon the same plea he charged for his time for making a list of the suffering poor in his own parish, that they might receive aid from a benevolent society in England," said the young Themistocles aside to a comrade. "Sure they are pretty girls, and I should not object to marrying one of them myself if she brought a fair dower."

"Well, then," said the captain, "it is decided we are to get the boy. Themistocles, you are to be trusted. Go down to old Dionysius at the foot of the mountain, tell him that twenty Napoleons in French gold will be paid him precisely at twelve o'clock to-morrow night if the child, alive and unhurt, is ours. Hasten, my boy; you will eat upon your return." Then, turning to the band, he said, "Leave it to old Dionysius, my brothers, we have no more faithful ally than he, and well he may be, for we have paid him nigh a thousand francs for information given and received from the country below."

The young Themistocles hastily adjusted a more sombre attire and went rapidly down the mountain-side, knowing only to obey the cruel command, yet having within him enough of those higher characteristics of the Greek to give him an uneasy, strange desire to do and be something better than the life of a highway robber permitted. A certain sense of honor was strongly inculcated into this brigand life. To betray his band, or even to shrink back from an undertaking entered into, would not for a moment be thought of by him; but he resolved that night to take no booty from Ernest Kamanski's capture, and to leave the band honorably as soon as this was over.

At ten o'clock the next night Ernest Kamanski reached the home of old Dionysius at the foot of the mountain, where he was carefully concealed by the old man from his wife and daughters. He had been decoyed and gagged by the old Dionysius, thrown into a coarse bag, and put upon a mule, and thus brought out of the town without any suspicion on the part of any-one except the few accomplices employed by the old man. As soon as it was dark old Dionysius had taken the child up into his arms and the gag from his mouth. Poor little Ernest then cried and pleaded most piteously with this strange man, but all in vain. Now in the sheep-cot, tired and hungry and exhausted, carefully wrapped in the capote of old Dionysius, he soon slept soundly; nor did he wake as he was carried on the back of the strong young Themistocles up the mountain-side and tenderly laid on a bed of straw prepared for him in the cave by his old friend Nicholas.

*The lower order of Greek priests marry.

Waking early next morning, he cried out, "O mamma, I have had such a dreadful dream, and I am so hungry." Then opening his eyes wide he gazed around him in amazement for a moment, then burst into a piteous wail as the truth flashed upon him, for Ernest was too familiar with the habits of these mountain robbers not to recognize at once his surroundings. He had but a few months before listened with intense interest to the account of a merchant of the town who had been captured and spent several weeks with this band. The ransom being refused, the brigands had cut off his two thumbs and an ear and sent them to his friends, threatening at the same time to skin them alive if they did not immediately send what was demanded. And, knowing this would be done, his friends had borrowed the money and paid the ransom.

Little Ernest's piteous cries brought forth the sympathy of all around him, for most of them had children of their own, and the Greeks love their children very tenderly. But none could comfort and soothe him until old Nicholas took him into a little room in the cave all alone, and let him weep his very soul out. Then, hugged up in his arms, he talked to him first of little Yannie, then of his mother, then told him how the captain had promised that no one should hurt him, and that before long he would be taken home to his mother.

"They wont put me in the ground and throw earth in my face, will they?" sobbed the child.

"Oh, no," said Nicholas, now finding it his time to weep.

Finally the little fellow put an end to all weeping, by remembering that he was "so hungry." Old Nicholas was only too glad to find something to do for the child. He soon brought in some brown bread and warm milk from a goat, which the old man had brought up the mountain the night before especially for the comfort of the child. After eating heartily and really enjoying it, Ernest looked up so pleadingly into his friend's face, and said,

"Now take me home to see my mother."

To deny this request seemed too hard, so Nicholas did what most Greeks would have done under similar circumstances, told an untruth, and made the child believe that it was raining hard outside of the cave and that as soon as it cleared off he should go. This Ernest readily accepted, as the darkness of the cavern made him think it must be cloudy.

Themistocles just then came in, bringing with him a reed, out of which he proposed carving a shepherd's flute. Taking Ernest on his knee close to one of the lamps, they were soon so engrossed in each other and in making the flute that the child forgot for the time all his sorrow.

Themistocles told him how the Turks had come over into the plains of Thessaly, where he lived, and had burned and destroyed all their houses, and how he and a half a dozen young men had gone upon a mountain and concealed themselves near the pathway where the Turkish soldiers would pass on their return to the port and had shot so many of them down in revenge. All these were horrible tales for so young a listener, but there was nothing brighter to relate in the lives of these poor people during those dark days when they were kept in waiting for their liberty.

"But what made you join the brigands?" asked Ernest. "They are such wicked men?"

"I know they are," said Themistocles, "and I wish already I never had. But, you see, I have an old mother almost seventy years old. She had one daughter and one son. My sister married when I was a little boy, and had six or seven children. When the Turks came over the mountain they killed her husband in the fight and burned her house. My sister soon after took sick and died, and I was a prisoner for a long time down in the Turkish fort. My poor old mother has ever since lived in an old shed with my sister's children, with nothing but the few clothes they had on their backs, and

eating grass and roots. Oh, it was too pitiful! When I came out of prison I tried to get work and could not, so I joined these robbers a few days ago, that my old mother and my sister's children might not die of want. They are starving even now, yet what can I do?"

"Why don't you ask the English consul to make you a soldier? He has a little army to keep the Turks and brigands from stealing everything from other people."

"True," said Themistocles thoughtfully "he has an armed force in order to protect the ingathering crops, and I believe I will go right to him and ask permission to join it. The pay of a regular soldier would be better than this uncertainty."

"Then take me with you," begged the child, "because I know him, and he'll take me right to my mother."

"I cannot to-day," sadly replied Themistocles; "but I will not go until I can take you with me, I'll promise you that."

By this time the flute was finished, all beautifully carved, and Themistocles went into an adjoining apartment of the cavern and asked the captain's permission to blow it. This was readily granted, as they were entirely out of hearing of every one. Themistocles then played the Greek national air, whose wild, plaintive notes sounded peculiarly sweet within the cave. Thus entertained, the first day passed and at the end of it Themistocles and the child found themselves warm friends.

That night, at supper, the only meal which the brigands take, Ernest had a special seat of honor, down on the ground but just at the right of the captain, and he was given the best of everything their table supplied. A fat mutton, cut to pieces and cooked in large earthen vessels with rice, seasoned with tomatoes, formed a large part of their repast, while beets, boiled with the tops on, then cut up in vinegar and oil, make a salad much enjoyed by them all. Brown bread and coarse white cheese completed the whole. This was spread upon a rough straw matting, and the brigands sat cross-legged around on the ground. But near little Ernest there was a savory chop of the mutton broiled on the coals, two fresh boiled eggs, a cup of warm milk from the goat, and a large bunch of grapes. These had all been carefully prepared by old Nicholas, and he had walked some eight or ten miles that day to the country below to get the grapes and eggs.

Soon after eating, Ernest went soundly to sleep on his straw pallet, but not without kneeling in one corner of the cave and saying aloud his little prayer in Greek, which was as familiar to him as English. To his usual prayer which he said at his mother's knee every night, asking so earnestly to be forgiven his sins and made a good boy, he added to-night, "And please, God, make these brigands all good, and give their little children something to eat, but don't let them catch my mother and father and bring them here, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

To the wild mountain robbers, whose devotions consisted of hastily-read prayers in their churches, or a few rapid crossings of themselves before some sacred picture, this seemed strange and touching. They had never felt any need of forgiveness of sin, nor had they ever gone to God in any trouble and asked for help; and although, "May God help us" or, "God forgive," was often on their lips, they knew nothing of any religion of the heart, and as little Ernest got in bed every one of them wiped from his eyes the tears they could not keep back.

Late that night the captain called a council of war and decided what proposition should be first sent below to the Consulate for the redemption of the child, also exact particulars of his condition. This was all to be arranged through accomplices, who, of course, would give no clue to his whereabouts, though the recapture of a prisoner is too dangerous to be undertaken, as it necessarily results in his murder. The brigands, of course, demanded at first so enormous a ransom that there would be no possibility of its being paid; but this was always done, accompanied with threats, and with the expectation of receiving in return an offer much smaller than they would receive. These negotiations would generally occupy some weeks until the two parties came to terms.

We cannot follow out each day in the life of our little captive. Every morning during the time he would awake and call old Nicholas, who slept right by his side, and ask him if it was still raining, always receiving the same answer. "Yes," he would reply, "do you not see how dark and cloudy it is? You can't go home to-day." This would often bring tears to the boy's eyes, but still, as he was never permitted to go outside the inner rooms of the cave, he never knew that it was not raining all the time, and so was content to wait. Once during this period a large army of Turks were ordered to cross over the mountains not far from this retreat of the brigands, and fearing it might mean a surprise and attack upon them, they dispersed five small parties out through the mountains to watch their movements. Those few days were very trying to little Ernest. He was taken up in the night blindfolded, though it was perfectly dark, and carried by old Petros he never knew where, but for several days he was kept in a dimly-lighted smaller cave by the old man with nothing to eat but coarse bread and cheese, and water to drink from an earthen jug. Old Petros had never been specially friendly towards the child, and had always been feared by him, so the little fellow had a sad time of it, and those three days seemed long and weary. But at the end of that time his two best friends came, and Ernest was overjoyed to see them. They again blindfolded him and took him on their shoulders, this time not to the cave, but to the foot of the mountain. Old Nicholas could not help whispering to him, when it came his turn to carry the child, that it had stopped raining and they were carrying him to see his mother. The movements of the Turkish army had had no connection with his capture, and during those three days of his close confinement all the arrangements for paying the ransom and the safe delivery of the child had been made. This had not been done until the consuls in the village below had signed a contract that no effort should be made to capture the brigands who brought the child down and returned with the money. Under cover of night, near one of the mountain villages, the child was brought by Nicholas and Themistocles, who met others of the band at the appointed place, and there a party from the Consulate brought the money. The child was kept back and under concealment until the money was counted out, then the exchange was made. Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski were both there awaiting anxiously the first sight of their boy. A torchlight lit up the scene and little Ernest, no longer blindfolded but still pinioned, could see the brigands, closely masked, the party from the Consulate counting out the gold, and his father and mother standing by, fearing that even now some mistake or misunderstanding might cause their little one to be murdered. But at last the money was all counted, and as it was laid on the back of mules the child was unloosed and soon clasped in his mother's arms.

Early the next morning found Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski and little Ernest on a French steamer ready to set sail to England. They felt that the danger to their child was too great in this unsettled country. Themistocles came on board and was gladly recognized by Ernest. When Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski learned of his great kindness to their boy, they wrote a warm letter of recommendation to the English consul who gave him employment with ample wages for the support of his old mother and little nieces and nephews. Old Petros, Nicholas, Papa Demetre, the captain, and others continued with the band till the ceding of Thessaly to Free Greece two years later, November, 1881. Thus the hearts of all were made glad except perhaps old Dionysius, who, like Othello, had lost his occupation, and whose cunning and craftiness brought him more gain in times of trouble than in peace and prosperity.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

A few years before the death of the late Mr. Mark Lemon, the well-known editor of *Punch*, the writer had the pleasure of travelling with him on the railway from London Bridge to the Three Bridges station on the Brighton line. Mr. Lemon's request to the inspector, "let us be alone," secured the compartment to ourselves. This led to much frank and interesting conversation between us. After various topics had been discussed, such as improved dwellings for working men, the better education of the poor, &c., &c., the writer remarked:—

"There are many good things you have furthered, Mr. Lemon, by means of your pen and the shaft of ridicule; but there is one thing in which you have always been on the wrong side."

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"You seem never to have lost an opportunity of throwing ridicule on those who desire to uphold the sanctity of the Lord's Day, and who earnestly labor to prevent what you and others wish to see in this country, viz.—a Continental Sunday."

Feeling deeply on this matter, I spoke warmly, and expressed my belief that he and others who sympathized with him on this subject, were seeking to bring about a state of things in our country which would in the end be most disastrous to our national welfare, and especially prove one of the greatest wrongs ever inflicted on the working classes. Mr. Lemon replied with great frankness:—

"Well, now, you speak very plainly; but I like to hear a fellow do so, when I feel sure that he is honest and believe what he says, although I differ from him. Go on—I am listening."

The writer continued: "On this question, I believe the working men of this country are sounder than many professing Christians, and they are wide awake to the fact that if the barriers which surround the Lord's Day in this country were broken down, ultimately they would have to do seven days' work for six days' pay."

With a smiling face Mr. Lemon said: "Now I will make a confession to you which I have not made to others. Some time ago I got up a petition in favor of the opening of the British Museum on Sundays, and sent into our printing office for the men to sign, when judge of my astonishment, the foreman came to me and said, 'If you please, sir, do you press for the signing of this petition? For unless you do, the men had rather not sign it.' 'What in the world do they mean by that? Why, it's for their benefit that we want the museums opened on Sundays!' 'Well, sir,' replied the foreman, 'the men think that would not be the end of it—it would only be the thin end of the wedge, and that, before long, workshops, offices, and all kinds of places as well as museums, would be open on Sunday too.' "Now," added Mr. Lemon, "that petition was never signed. The conduct of the men made a strange impression on my mind, and I honestly acknowledge that it furnishes a strong fact for your side of the question."

From the day of our interview until his death I never heard of Mr. Lemon having penned an unkind line against the better observance of the Lord's Day.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

A FRIEND IGNORED.

I met on the street the other day my friend Mrs. Anstey, whom I had not seen since we parted in June for a summer jaunt. After a cordial greeting and numerous inquiries after our respective families, I said to her.

"I believe Mrs. More was in the same boarding-house with you this summer; we all three have a dear mutual Friend; did you hear her speak of him?"

She hesitated, then replied, "No, I don't think I heard her mention Him once."

"Why, that's very strange; are you sure?"

"Yes, I am quite sure. We were together constantly, read together and walked together, but I never heard her allude to this Friend."

"I believe her children were with her; didn't you ever hear her speak to them of Him?"

"No, she raised her children beautifully teaching them to be truthful and unselfish and kind and amiable, but I never her appeal to a higher motive than love to her or the desire 'to please papa.'"

I felt quite astonished, and now asked, "Didn't you see her do anything for Him?"

"No; she was busy all the time, during pretty little pieces of work, but I never heard that any of them were for his poor, or to be given for his sake, or indeed in any way connected with him."

"Tell me what you thought of Mrs. More; how did she impress you?"

"Well she impressed us all most favorably, was a great favorite, full of gentle spirits, and a great energy of kindness to all, and of a very sweet temper; but unless you had told me, it would never have occurred to me that she was a devout lover of this best of Friends."

"Then it is a fact, is it, that for three months you were in the house with a lady who professes to love this Friend more than father or mother, and that you never heard her mention his name?"

Sorrowfully she admitted that it was, and we parted with our hearts full of strange doubts.

Reader, that friend was Jesus, and this incident is true. Is it also true of you?—*American Messenger.*

IT MAY BE THOUGHT by some of our boy readers that we are too strict in invariably forbidding the mention of fire-arms as articles of exchange. Let those who have have had this opinion listen to this heart-rending incident. A few days ago a lad who had earned the money to subscribe for *Young People* by sawing wood, patiently saving it till he had enough, went with a friend to mail the amount to Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The friend writes the same evening: "Fifteen minutes after Arthur and I reached home he was killed instantly—shot by his little brother who was playing with a loaded gun. His poor mother witnessed the fall of her child." The little brother did not mean to do this dreadful thing; it was an accident; but the memory of it will darken his whole life. It is a safe rule, boys, never, under any circumstances, to meddle with fire-arms or use them as playthings.—*Harper's Young People.*

Question Corner.—No. 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

With reverend hands they laid him to his rest,
Nor doubted but his work on earth was o'er.
In life—the living had his power confest.
In death—the death still greater witness bore.

1. Fair wife, to thee no memory e'er can come
Of the dear sacred atmosphere of home.
No childhood's hour (that gay unthinking time)
When young companions mixed their joys with thine.

2. Brother beloved—nor as a friend less dear
How sad the hearts now lingering round thy bier.
But where is he, that loved and looked-for guest,
Why came he not, e'er thou hadst sunk to rest?

3. An only child, thine aged mother's joy,
Thy father's hope—his bright, his promised boy.
Yet not the dearest to that faithful breast,
Higher and first of all was God's behest.

4. Son of a king, and greater still than he
In pride of pomp, and real majesty;
Yet high above the splendors of thy throne
Shines forth thy Sire's title—his alone.

5. Meek matron, wouldst thou seek from all to hide
The griefs that in thy patient heart abide?
It may not be—speak out aloud thy woe,
Then blissful from the holy temple go.

6. And didst thou think that thou couldst lightly sin,
And in the sinning not draw others in?
Couldst thou not see the bitter grief, the shame,
Entailed on all the race that bears thy name?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 16.

1. *Solomon's temple.* 1 Kings 6, 7.
2. Absalom. 2 Sam. 18, 9.
3. *Pilate's wife. Because she had suffered many things in a dream because of him.*" Matt. 27, 19.
4. David mourned over the death of Saul and Jonathan. 2 Sam. 1.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

THE WORK OF CREATION.—Gen i. 31,

1. C-horazin . . . . Matt. xi. 21.
2. R-uth . . . . Ruth i. 22.
3. E-lim . . . . Ex. xv. 27.
4. A-aron . . . . Ex. iv. 27.
5. T-imothy . . . . 2 Tim. ii. 15.
6. I-sraelites . . . . Ex. iii. 7.
7. O-nesimus . . . . Philemon 10.
8. N-aaman . . . . 2 Kings v. 9.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French.

(Continued from first page.)

as the waves were breaking over her head.

Two young men, who were strong swimmers, reached the stake and disengaged her apparently lifeless form. The cold waves had blanched her cheek, and matted her chestnut hair, but as consciousness was restored her eyes re-opened with a calm light in them of faith and hope and love, that showed there had been no bitterness, in the death that she had tasted; and she came back to life with the name of her Saviour on her lips.

At this moment the watchers on the hills heard the valley ring with such a shout from the multitude on the shore as showed the tension of their pent-up feelings. But their joy was shortlived. When urged to abjure her principles, and take the test, Margaret replied, "I may not, I cannot, I will not! I am Christ's; let me go."

"Margaret, Margaret!" cried her father; "say, 'God save the king!'"

"Yea, God save him," she replied, "for his salvation I desire."

"She has said it," cried Wilson; "she has said it! My precious bairn!"

Windram would have spared her on this expression of loyalty; but his comrade, Grier of Lagg, crueller than "Black Windram," insisted on the oath, which her conscience forbade.

The brave girl was thrust rudely back into the sea with the words of her dying Saviour on her lips, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Her body was found sadly changed when the tide went back, and was committed to rest, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection, in a corner of Wigton churchyard.

It is not easy to decipher so much as her name to-day on her crumbling tombstone, all moss-grown and lichen-stained as it is; but it is written on the hearts and memories of young and old in her native land. A lady, not long since, searching for her grave in the old kirkyard at Wigton, had almost given it up in despair, when a sunburnt, barefoot boy led her to the spot, and said as he looked up, with mingled love and awe, "See, she was but a lassie, yet she died for the Covenant!" and then he helped her to make out the following lines, half hidden by the protecting heather—

"Let earth and stone still witness beare,
There lyes a virgine martyr here,
Murder'd for owning Christ supreme. ....
Within the sea, tyed to a stake,
She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake."

—*Family Friend.*

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PICTURES.

1.—THE INFANT MOSES. This beautiful and celebrated picture by De La Roche shows in the foreground Moses, a chubby little baby, lying in his cradle made of bulrushes. He is a beautiful, lively, little fellow with eyes wide open, and looking seriously, as if before them were passing all the events of his future history. If the original Moses were but half as interesting in appearance as this picture represents him to be, it is no wonder that Pharaoh's daughter took such an interest in him. Just behind the cradle and half hidden in the reeds that are growing on the bank, stands his sister Miriam looking earnestly across the river.

2.—THE BUGLE CALL AFTER THE BATTLE, is a scene of a different nature. On an eminence in the field where the battle had been fought is the bugler on horseback sounding the call to form into line. The horses of a cavalry brigade hearing the call, of themselves respond and gallop into line, some of them wounded, some of them unwounded, but all riderless. It is a touching picture—and an animal counterpart of the Roll Call.

3.—LASSOING WILD HORSES is another exciting horse picture. The herd of wild horses are dashing down a slope pursued by the Mexican rangers who are throwing the lasso around the necks of some of them. There is life in every line of this picture.

4.—"SIMPLY TO THY CROSS I CLING." This is an old favorite. Most of our readers have seen it in one form or another. The cross surrounded by a flood of light, the figure clinging to it with upturned face full of hope, the waves dashing against the rock on which the cross stands, and the dark hand pulling away the piece of wreck that might have been a support. But holding to the cross she is secure—safe above the dashing waves.

5.—HARBOR SCENE AT NIGHT.—This is one of the most striking of all. It cannot be described. The play of light and shadow is exquisite.

6 7.—AT HOME—IN CAPTIVITY. This pair of pictures represents the orang-outang first, in his native jungle as ferocious an animal as well can be imagined, and in his cage in the menagerie having a grand frolic. This pair of pictures will just suit the boys.

8.—AFTER DUCKS. This represents an Irish spaniel dashing through the reeds after a duck, and makes a very pretty picture.

9.—GOING TO SCHOOL is a very pretty picture of a Normandy peasant girl dressed in the picturesque costume of her country with books and basket going to the school.

10.—PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS.—This excellent portrait we presented year before last to subscribers of the *Witness* on certain conditions.

11.—THE LION'S BRIDE.—This picture of Gabriel Max's represents a young girl, who had been accustomed to feed this lion for so long a time as to make them warm friends, but was at last killed by him, apparently out of affection.

WHO CAN GET THESE PICTURES?

Everybody who chooses to work for them!

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI.

Sept. 14, 1884.] [Ps. 40: 1-17.

WAITING FOR THE LORD.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-4.

1. I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

3. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

4. Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

5. Many, O Lord, my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward; they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

6. Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required.

7. Then said I, Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me.

8. I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart.

9. I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

10. I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart: I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

11. Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12. For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

13. Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.

14. Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it; let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

15. Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.

16. Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee; let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

17. But I am poor and needy: yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I delight to do thy will, O my God."—Ps. 40: 8.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ps. 40: 1-17 .....The Waiting Sufferer Delivered.
T. Ps. 22: 1-31.....Christ's Complaint and Triumph.
W. Heb. 10: 1-14....The One Offering.
Th. Heb. 5: 1-10.....Heard in that he Feared.
F. Isa. 53: 1-12.....The Suffering Saviour.
Sa. Ps. 16: 1-11.....Christ's Sufferings, Resurrection and Glory.
S. Heb. 12: 1-13...."Lest ye be wearied."

LESSON PLAN.

1. Mercy Remembered. 2. Obedience Promised. 3. Confidence in Danger.

Time, Place and Occasion unknown.—Written by David in the name of the Messiah, of whom he was a type.

LESSON NOTES.

I. V. 1. I WAITED PATIENTLY—"In waiting I waited"—an expression of patience and trust in distress. V. 2. HORRIBLE PIT . . . MIRY CLAY—compare Jer. 38: 6-12. Christ's endurance of suffering, his earnest prayer for deliverance, and his Father's answer to his prayer in bringing him up from the grave and exalting him to joy and glory, are here described. V. 3. OUR GOD—thus identifying himself with his people. TO US-WARD—here the use of the plural again shows the union of Christ and his people in suffering and in triumph. Rom. 8: 17; Phil. 1: 29; 2 Tim. 2: 11, 12.

II.—V. 6. SACRIFICE—a bloody offering. OFFERING—without blood, as a peace-offering. BURNT-OFFERING—one wholly consumed by fire. SIN-OFFERING—one made to atone for sin. These four embrace all the kinds of sacrifices known to the Jewish law. V. 7. LO, I COME—only Christ could possibly use this language. Since legal sacrifices availed not to put away sin, he came to do the will of God by meeting the demand of the law by his obedience unto death. Phil. 2: 8. (Compare Heb. 10: 7.)

III.—V. 11. WITHHOLD NOT—a prayer of Christ that God would give him support and deliverance in his sufferings. V. 12. EVILS—suffering in Gethsemane, in the judgment-hall, on the cross to save men. MINE INIQUITIES—punishment laid on me—a frequent meaning of the word. (See Ps. 31: 10; 38: 4; Isa. 53: 11.) V. 13. DELIVER ME—see Matt. 26: 39; also Ps. 22: 19. V. 17. MAKE NO TARRYING—do not delay in coming to my assistance. Thus the psalm ends with the suffering Saviour afflicted, crushed, forsaken, yet confident in God, and assured that he will not leave him in his sufferings.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God will hear the cry of those in distress.

2. That his mercies should be acknowledged and remembered with gratitude and praise.

3. That we cannot be saved by our own obedience or offerings.

4. That Christ by his obedience unto death has purchased full salvation for us.

5. That the mercy of God in the gift of Christ should fill our hearts with joy and faith.

LESSON XII.

Sept. 21, 1884.] [Ps. 103: 1-22.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs 1-5.

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6. The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7. He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

9. He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11. For as heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14. For he knoweth our frame: he remembereth that we are dust.

15. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18. To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19. The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens: and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure.

22. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Ps. 103: 2.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ps. 103: 1-22 .....A Song of Praise.
T. Ps. 104: 1-35.....Perpetual Praise.
W. Ps. 145: 1-21.....Greatly to be Praised.
Th. Luke 1: 46-55..... .....Mary's Song.
F. Luke 1: 67-79.....Zacharias's Song.
Sa. Rev. 5: 1-14.....The New Song.
S. Rev. 7: 9-17.....The Song of Saints and Angels.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Remembering God's Benefits. 2. Recounting God's Goodness. 3. Calling to Praise.

Time and Place, uncertain. Written by David on his recovery from dangerous sickness.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 1. ALL THAT IS WITHIN ME—all my powers and affections. Deut. 6: 5. V. 3. DISEASES—God cured the sickness of his body and forgave his spiritual diseases, his sins, and helped him to overcome them. V. 4. REDEEMETH—delivereth. CROWNETH—adorneth. Ps. 65: 11. V. 5. "So completely does God's bounty feed thy strength that even in old age thou growest young again and soarest like an eagle." Thus far, his reasons for praise are drawn from personal experiences. With these all our grateful exercises must begin. V. 6. From private causes of thanksgiving he now turns to more general views of God's providence. He is not only merciful to me, but to all his people. V. 7. HIS WAYS—his modes of dealing with his people. (See Ex. 33: 13. Compare Ps. 24: 4; 67: 2.)

II. V. 8. MERCIFUL—compare Ex. 34: 6. V. 9. WILL NOT ALWAYS CHIDE—as soon as the sinner repents God will pardon. V. 12. REMOVED—put far from us, as no longer having anything to do with us. V. 13. LIKE AS A FATHER—always ready to receive an erring son. Luke 15: 11-24. V. 14. OUR FRAME—our make, our build. WE ARE DUST—made of it and tending to it. Gen. 2: 7; Ps. 90: 3. Vs. 15, 16. So short and frail is life that a breath may destroy it. V. 17 In marked contrast with man's frailty is God's everlasting mercy. Ps. 90: 6: 102: 27, 28. HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS—his faithfulness to his covenant of mercy. V. 18. To the children of those that fear him the covenant promise avails nothing unless they are faithful to the covenant and obey his laws. V. 19. PREPARED—established. OVER ALL—Ps. 14: 3.

III.—V. 20. The Psalmist now calls upon all God's creatures to render him praise. HARKENING—listening intently for the faintest intimation of his will. Deut. 28: 17. V. 21. HIS HOSTS—his armies. It denotes both power and multitude. MINISTERS—Heb. 1: 14. V. 22. ALL HIS WORKS—all that he has made; creatures of every sort everywhere. BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL—he thus returns to himself, and ends as he began.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God is the giver of all my mercies and blessings.

2. That God's goodness calls upon me for gratitude and praise.

3. That God is ever ready to pardon the penitent sinner.

4. That his love for his children exceeds that of the most tender and loving father.

5. That he will crown with everlasting glory all who "fear him" and "keep his covenant" and "do his commandments."

"BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL."

TO OUR WORKERS.

Harvest will soon be over, and the friends of the *Messenger* will once more have leisure to work for its interest and their own. In order to give every person a chance to become acquainted with this capital little paper at an all but nominal price, we will send a copy to any address FROM NOW TILL THE END OF THE YEAR FOR TEN CENTS! When the *Messenger* once finds its way into a household, it almost invariably becomes, as it were, one of the family, and, as many of its subscribers have told us, they "couldn't do without it." We think that there are very few persons indeed who would refuse to give a canvasser ten cents for four months' reading, and we expect to be able to announce in an early number that the subscription list of this paper has very materially increased. In addition to this reduction in price we will give to the getter up of the Club *two* pictures from the *Messenger's* "Picture Gallery" for every ten names he or she may send us, or, if preferred, they may KEEP FIFTY CENTS and send us fifty. Such subscriptions, however, *must all be sent at one time.* Mark your letters "Autumn Trial Trip," and state *which* pictures you would like sent. If you go to work at once and with a will, there is little doubt but you will be able to own quite a nice collection of pictures, every one of which is well worthy of being framed and hung on your parlor walls.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

CLUB RATES.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—

1 copy, - - - - -	30 cents
10 copies - - - - -	$ 2 50
25 copies - - - - -	6 00
50 copies - - - - -	11 50
100 copies - - - - -	22 00
1,000 copies - - - - -	200 00

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 a year, post-paid.—WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, $2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (½lb and lb) by grocers, labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists London, England."

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James street West, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall and James D. Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.